

## GERMAN EMPEROR NOT IMPRESSIVE IN CIVILIAN'S CLOTHES

Published Description of  
Him by English Writer  
Stirs Wrath.

BERLIN, June 18.—Very seldom does the Kaiser appear in ordinary citizen's clothes outside of his narrow family circle, but chances are that the occasions on which he lays aside military uniform in the future will be further more restricted, for he has just read and felt considerably annoyed at the description given him in a book by a gifted young Englishwoman, entitled "Daphne in Her Own Country."

The authoress, whose name is unknown to the general public, but quite well known to the Kaiser, spent some months at the primitive court of a German prince and princess, and tells in these words of the unexpected arrival of the Kaiser at the little castle:

"We knew that the Kaiser was motoring in the neighborhood, but had no idea that he intended to call, when we were startled one morning by the news that he might expect him in less than half an hour. Twenty minutes later we heard the tones of his automobile horn, the only one of its kind in the whole empire entitled to voice more than a gruff 'honk-honk,' and the car entered the palace yard."

"My eyes sought our illustrious guest and my disappointment was indescribable. Hitherto, I had seen the Kaiser in the glittering uniform of the guard and admired him as the perfect type of a modern warrior, but when he looked anything but imposing, dressed in an ordinary gray suit, tan shoes, and Panama hat. His mustache was drooping instead of bristling fiercely upward, and it was evident that his sallow complexion needed the colors of a gray uniform to be overlooked. He was in a splendid humor, however, and when I recovered from my first shock I found him one of the greatest charmers I ever met."

The Kaiser has been uniformly fully aware that he needs a uniform to set him off and make people who get only a short glimpse of him forget his pale and tired look, but it has annoyed him immensely to be overlooked in his public print, and so in the future he will be seen by profane eyes only in the full glory of one of his many uniforms."

## EXCISE MEASURE IS COMMITTEE BUGABOO

Can't Bring Quorum Together  
Now, So House District  
Legislation Waits.

There will not be a meeting of the House District Committee until after July 1, according to the confident statement of one of the members who is remaining in Washington instead of going to Chicago. A number of members will be in Baltimore next week.

Opposition to the public utilities bill is responsible for the lack of a quorum. Excise legislation is the bugaboo of those members who have or expect to have liquor fights in their several districts during the coming campaign.

"If excise legislation were out of the way," said a member of the committee this morning who did not care to be quoted, "a quorum could be brought together almost any time to pass the public utilities measure and to act upon several minor matters."

## American Exhibitors At London Horse Show

LONDON, June 18.—The International horse show opened at Olympia yesterday, and will continue until June 29. Although some of the older American exhibitors are absent, others have taken their places. Judge W. H. Moore, Walter Winans, and Miss Mona Dunsen, a Canadian, are the leading transatlantic exhibitors. Judge Moore brought over from America no fewer than forty-five horses, and will be a keen competitor in all harness classes.

J. Sumner Draper, of Boston, has brought over a team of harness horses, and Messrs. Gunther and Walker, of White Plains, N. Y., have a few entries.

King George is displaying interest in the show, and, besides exhibiting horses from the royal stables at Windsor, Sandringham, and Balmoral, has sent the famous Hanoverian cream ponies, which draw the state coach in royal processions and the black horses used on other ceremonial occasions.

The decoration of Olympia represents a subtropical garden, the roof being hidden by scenes in a tropical sky. The horses' stalls are lavishly decorated.

## Boy Wanders Far To See Sweetheart

LONDON, June 18.—The Enfield magistrates were interested yesterday in the romance of a boy of sixteen, who was charged with wandering.

The lad comes from Peterborough, and had letters in his pocket from an Edmonton girl. It was said that the boy and girl had corresponded through the medium of a boy's journal, and the boy had saved up his single fare to London. He arrived without a penny in his pocket, but saw the girl when he sought. Her father, however, intervened in the romantic courtship, and the boy was subsequently found at a late hour asleep in some bushes in the garden of a private house. He said he only earned \$10 a week, but wished to see his unknown girl correspondent. He presented a wretched appearance, and was reminded so that his parents might be concerned. He pleaded to be allowed to walk home.

## Orders New Cars.

ROANOKE, Va., June 18.—The Virginia Bridge and Iron Company was today awarded a contract by the Norfolk and Western for the construction of 1,000 new steel coal cars.

## LOCAL MENTION.

Conger Cleans Carpets By Electric process which does the work more satisfactorily than any other treatment. Charges reasonable. Mopproofing free. Wagons call—phone W. 47. 334 & N. Y. av.

Lightning Rods Installed and Repaired by J. H. Kuehling, electrician, 502 12th st. N.W.

Summer Rates, Stag Hotel, N. Y. av.

A Positive Sensation, Asta Nielsen In "A Strange Bird." 7 reels today. Virginia Theater. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

## SIDELIGHTS FROM BIG CONVENTION AT CHICAGO

CHICAGO, June 18.—"You must have recovered from the apprehension of the steam roller," suggested a friend of Col. Cecil Lyon, as the Texan appeared at the Roosevelt headquarters today wearing the "smile that won't come off."

"We'll beat them anyhow," confided the prize raconteur of the Roosevelt forces. "We can do it with what we've got, so why worry about more."

"We used to have an old Indian down in my neck of the woods, who always sat in the sun outside the railroad station, rolling home-made cigarettes. He always had one eye closed. One day a fool tourist got off the train and asked the old Indian if he was blind in the eye."

"No," grunted the Indian. "Then why don't you open it?" persisted the tourist.

"See," said the Indian, "I can't see with one," replied the noble red man.

**Opinions Differ.**

Every member of a contesting delegation had an individual opinion of the course which had been pursued by the national committee.

About the coliseum and in the hotels these were expressed sometimes with vigor and again in quiet tones to a person agreeing with them.

"Roosevelt's mistake has been that he tried to win the nomination solely with the 'big stick,' and the people won't stand for that kind of business," asserted a Taft supporter.

The national committee is hopelessly splitting the party," would declare a Roosevelt supporter. "They are trying to win solely with a 'steam roller,' and the people won't stand for that kind of business."

"Party loyalty is yet a factor much too strong to cause people to run off on any kind of a wild goose chase because the man who is leading it asserts that he is a good party man," would declare another Taft man.

"The old guard and the stand-pat machine are simply trying to save themselves," would declare a Rooseveltian. "They know the national elect, but acting with their customary selfish motives, they propose to hold that old machine together though it drags the party down to defeat in November."

They think they can get back in the Republican party who can defeat the Democrats in November," would be the rejoinder. "His record is known and from his past administration the people have confidence in him. He can be elected."

The man inclined to look impartially at the matter and consider both sides would cogitate: "This is a bad split. I don't believe that the Taft people will ever elect Roosevelt or that the Roosevelt people for Taft. The big trouble is, it looks like a hopeless split."

**It's All Roosevelt.**

"I can't get away from the Roosevelt," said a newspaper man at the Coliseum press table. "Here my folks take me away from this convention and send me to the Olympic games at Stockholm and holy Christmas, Teddy Roosevelt will be written about in the world's tennis." "We've got a tugboat in the Chicago river," put in a Chicago reporter, "that is named after Roosevelt. The blundering blank thing whistles seven times for a bridge, when it is necessary to whistle only twice, according to the rules."

**Buttons Were Gold.**

Western delegates who gather in the lobby of the Congress Hotel, of an evening, are wondering about the "myriad strings" of buttons which they see after the Michigan avenue lights are lit, appears in the lobby in dinner clothes.

"Is that New York style?" asked one man from Nebraska, pointing to the buttons on the neck of a delegate from Wyoming.

"When an Eastern delegate assured the Nebraska that the bright vest buttons which were not brass but gold, were indeed an Eastern fashion, the Nebraska exclaimed: 'Well, I'll be doggone. I thought that fellow was a waiter.'"

**Too Small For 'Em.**

Either Ben B. Lindsey, the famous juvenile court judge, of Denver, or A. M. Stephenson, "Big Steve," of Denver, is likely to spill over into the lake before the convention ends. "Chicago is too small to hold both of us," said Lindsey.

Lindsey, as soon as he heard that "Big Steve" had attended all the meetings of the national convention as a proxy for first one and then another of the committeemen, issued a blasting statement in which he called Steve an assortment of names that could hardly be printed. When this statement was shown to Stephenson, he replied with names that were beyond the line of availability for the press.

**Restful Southland.**

Easy chairs—a monotonous buzz of conversation—scurrying lobbyists—The activity in the Congress lobby was so abnormal to two Florida delegates yesterday that both were lulled to sleep, enjoying an hour's repose in the midst of the excitement.

Each was a Southern type with wide sloping hats and extensive mustaches.

Photographers sought permission to take a flashlight picture of the pair of weary politicians, but did not succeed.

**"Paging" For Publicity.**

Eddie Burk, manager of the Congress Hotel, says that many of the obscure delegates at the convention who are aspiring for publicity have themselves paged in the lobby several times a day.

"One State representative from out in Utah gives his name to the page at least a dozen times a day," Mr. Burk said. "Then he sits in the lobby and enjoys hearing the boys about his name."

**Not a Suffragette.**

Mrs. Frank B. Kellogg, wife of Roosevelt's trust buster, has arrived in Chicago and is stopping at the Blackstone.

"I'm not a suffragette. I don't care how this thing is going to turn out," she said. "I just came here to take care of my husband because when he's in a fight like this, he won't take care of himself. I've got a little apartment in the quietest corner of the Blackstone Hotel and I'm making a haven for him. I've got brought the automobile and the chauffeur, and I'm going to take my husband back and forth from the Coliseum in the car. If I can't see him at any other time during the convention than during our trips between the hotel and the convention hall, I'll at least get the opportunity to see how he's standing the strain."

**A Family Divided.**

Civil war? All the horrors of family divisions that come with civil wars, minus the bloodshed, may be viewed in Chicago wherever convention delegates gather today.

If you want the facts just ask Mrs. Patrick Door, of Westville, Okla. Until a few months ago her husband was the postmaster of that city. Then Colonel Roosevelt threw his hat into the ring.

Mr. Door, an enthusiastic Roosevelt advocate, leaped into the ring after it, first resigning the office of postmaster. "Well, you can be Mr. Colonel Roosevelt if you want to, but I am going to fight for President Taft. I know that he is right in this fight," said Mrs. Door.

Apparently President Taft heard of the attitude she had assumed. At any rate, he appointed her postmistress. The husband is the national convention worker for their opposing candidates.

The husband has a nice neat car, as in the case of Mr. Door, who is a Republican Club, of which he is president.

"But I haven't enjoyed such magnificence as this all my life," Mr. Hammond said. In 1896, when I was prosecuted in South Africa, I was in the Jamestown raid of the Boers and arrested as a political prisoner.

"The jail was a horrible little hole. The food was worse. After we were there a short time they began permitting us to have visitors. And who should come to call but Mark Twain, who was on his trip around the world for material."

"Mr. Twain was later interviewed by a newspaper man, and he declared he thought the Americans were getting especially fine treatment in the prison and all of us were thriving. He said it made a nice rest cure, as in America we were accustomed to sleeping at night on our saddle bags, rising early in the morning to munch a few herbs for breakfast."

"The reporter took Twain seriously and came out with a story that caused a storm of indignation. They at once cut down our rations, stopped our visiting list, and caused us all sorts of discomfort."

"Friends who heard how we were harassed, pursued Twain 100 miles in the interior to bring him back for an explanation to Com. Paul Kruger."

**Morrison, of Arizona.**

A. L. Morrison, a delegate from Arizona, is the son of a former Chicago citizen. His father, Robert E. Morrison, moved to Chicago in 1851, and for many years was prominent in Illinois politics. He is now eighty years old and lives in Santa Fe.

As a member of national conventions, Mr. Morrison's father was acquainted with James G. Blaine, James Garfield, William McKinley, and other noted men. He left Chicago after he had been appointed United States marshal in New Mexico.

Several years ago Mr. Morrison was appointed United States attorney in Arizona, holding this position a number of years. His brother, J. E. Morrison, ten years his junior, was recently appointed to the same position.

**Seeing the Sights.**

"Rubberneck wagons" are the delight of James B. Sloan, of Alabama, who is a delegate to the Republican convention. Although in Chicago only a few days, Mr. Sloan has already seen much of Chicago and asserts that he is going to see the entire city before the convention begins.

Instead of discussing politics around the hotel lobbies as most of the other delegates, Mr. Sloan is riding in "rubberneck wagons" of strolling through parks or along boulevards. He

**Gathering Debris.**

A group of Republican delegates were going from the Congress hotel to the Coliseum yesterday on a surface car. The car struck an automobile and stopped suddenly. As the motorman and conductor stepped from the car one of the delegates asked what had happened. A Roosevelt delegate, seated nearby, answered:

"It has just hit a steam roller and the motorman and conductor are getting off to gather up the debris."

**Song Writers Busy.**

It is evident that there is nothing so inspiring to song writers as a Presidential campaign. Thousands—yes, perhaps

millions—of budding song writers have come forth with their best efforts in a mad desire to arouse enthusiasm for their favorite candidates and jar money from the strong boxes of his backers.

It is estimated that half a ton of campaign songs are dumped at the various headquarters at the Congress Hotel each day. It keeps a small force of men busy shoveling the discarded music out into a back alley.

Here are titles of just a few of the inspiring hits that have been offered by the song writers:

"Rally Round the Hat, Boys," "Taft, Taft, President Taft," "Taft, Taft, Let's Go," "Teddy is the Winner," "Let the Steam Roller Roll, We'll Beat It Anyway."

Most of the song writers appear to have been favorably impressed by the "hat-in-the-ring" idea, as it is incorporated in not fewer than 500 song titles.

**For Tariff Commission.**

John Chandler Cobb, of Boston, president of the National Tariff Association, is here to appear before the resolutions committee to urge adoption of a platform plank favoring establishment of a permanent tariff commission to succeed the present temporary tariff board.

**Diplomats Present.**

The South American diplomats, in tow of Director John Barrett, of the Pan-American Bureau, are the advance guard of a score or more of representatives of foreign nations, who will attend the convention in large delegations from every train.

The three Latin American envoys, minister from Argentina, Frederico Ezet, Peru, and W. de Gama, Brazil.

**Congress Deserted.**

Taking advantage of the gentlemen's agreement, which has been declared between the warring factions in Washington, large delegations from the National Congressmen and Senators, never absent from their seats while Congress is in session, are seen here by the scores.

**Hammond Reminiscence.**

On the thirteenth floor of the Blackstone Hotel is a State suite, comprising three chambers and a spacious, high-ceilinged receiving room, now occupied by John Hays Hammond and his staff.

Although he is an every minute talker, Hammond is a most interesting man. He represented at the coronation of King George, Mr. Hammond says he is not going to work for the President in Chicago. He is here in advance of the convention of the National League of Republican Clubs, of which he is president.

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walk farther, with less effort, than any other man in the city.

Yesterday morning he fed the animals in Lincoln park and strolled for a long time along the Lake Shore drive. In the afternoon he attended a baseball game. Theaters and restaurants were visited between times.

Mr. Sloan has seen the campus of the University of Chicago, been in Oak Park and Evanston, in South Chicago, inspected packing plants, visited the public library, enjoyed its sights and climbed to the top of sky scrapers.

These fellows who are staying around the hotels talking politics don't know what they are missing," says Mr. Sloan. "Chicago is the most wonderful narrative that I have seen. I have seen them larger than this place, but never so interesting."

**S. K. O. Sign Out.**

Irrepressible spirits are present among the serious committeemen as much as elsewhere. If not more.

The story percolated through the walls yesterday that at one time chairs became scarce and someone manufactured an "S. R. O." sign and hung it on the outside. Then the mischievous one went back inside, thinking he had done something bright.

A half hour later he thought he would see what had become of his little effort. "Funnily," some wag had given him one better. The sign now read:

"Steam Roller Operating."

**Not a Kimono.**

Mrs. Lafayette Gleason, wife of the choice for temporary secretary of the convention, possessor of not less than twenty special gowns for special occasions, all made by some one manufactured to register a most decided complaint against Chicago men who can't tell the difference between an elaborate evening gown and a kimono.

A newspaper photographer, accompanied by a reporter, interviewed and pictured Mrs. Gleason while she was at a dinner. The next morning she learned, through this youthful interviewer's pictures, that she had been pictured in a kimono.

"I don't suppose I would commit murder if I saw him," said Mrs. Gleason, in a calm tone. "I might, I just might tell him something that he would remember."

**Taft Sermonette.**

The Rev. John Wesley Hill, former pastor of the Metropolitan Temple, New York, and now president of the International Brotherhood of Forestry, in a lobby yesterday preached a little Taft sermonette.

"I'm a great admirer of Colonel Roosevelt," he said. "I was even instrumental in placing a Roosevelt memorial window in the Metropolitan Temple in New York. But I'd rather leave Roosevelt."

**As Cooling and Refreshing as Lake or Sea Breezes**

Everywhere among good people Clicquot Club is found. On lake and seashore—in mountain camp, in the town home, its purity and wholesomeness is recognized.

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enjoys walking and asserts that he can tell in that window that see him in the White House again. A church window is a better place for him."

**Sign From Heaven.**

Governor Glasscock of West Virginia, was being photographed for the ninety-ninth time at the Michigan avenue entrance of the Congress. A pitcher of ice water was overturned in a window above him and the governor received a shower bath.

"See," he drawled, "that is a sign from heaven that this picture thing has been overdone."

**National Maritime Strike Due in France**

PARIS, June 18.—A national maritime strike throughout France in sympathy with the seamen's strike at Havre will go into effect tomorrow,